

Je ne m'en Souviens pas

Better Than Ezra

We're all a scene in Mona's dream...

A Paris street.

A quiet stream.

Far away from carbini green.

Forgotten love at seventeen,

Where her children got a chance,

Not a dead end street.

Cause some got religion,

And some got drugs,

Some got money and,

Some got love,

All of her days in dry-eyed haze ,

Just another scene in Mona's dream